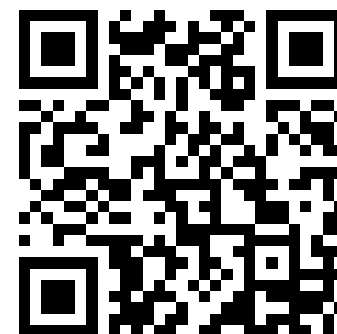

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AMERICAN - ENGLISH
FOLK - SONGS
COLLECTED IN THE
SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS
AND ARRANGED WITH
PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

SHARP

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AMERICAN-ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS

*Collected in the
Southern Appalachians
and Arranged with
Pianoforte Accompaniment*

by
CECIL J. SHARP

OHIO STATE
UNIVERSITY

First Series
Price, \$1.50 net



NEW YORK · G. SCHIRMER · BOSTON

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M1629 *
553

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STATE OF OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF

To
MRS. JOHN C. CAMPBELL

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INTRODUCTION

The twelve numbers in this volume have been selected from a Collection of a thousand or more ballads and songs noted down from the lips of folk-singers resident in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. They may be regarded, and for this reason have been chosen, as representative examples of the traditional song bequeathed to the mountain-singers by their immigrant British forefathers. Those interested in these isolated communities are referred to *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, wherein will also be found an account of the singers and of their songs and of the circumstances in which the latter were collected.

In submitting these songs and ballads to the consideration of musicians, professional and amateur, there is no need to plead for any special indulgence, nor to attempt to disarm criticism, or to temper it, on the ground that they are the product of unlettered, unskilled musicians. Whatever their origin, they stand and must be judged upon their intrinsic merits. That the tunes present to the eye no unusual features, that they lack tonal modulation and, structurally, are built on simple lines; that the literary expression is direct, without circumlocution, the vocabulary confined to the use of ordinary words in everyday use—has no bearing whatever upon the question at issue. Music, poetry—and, for the matter of that, all art—is good or bad, not because it is unsophisticated or ingenious, simple or complex, but because it is, or is not, the true, sincere, ideal expression of human feeling and imagination.

Genuine peasant-songs, taking them in the mass, will always survive this test simply because they are the product of an intuitive, un-selfconscious effort to satisfy an insistent human demand for self-expression. And it is only of the very best and highest human achievements in the sphere of consciously-conceived art that this, with like assurance, can be said.

With one exception, No. 10, all the songs in this volume—or variants of them—have already been printed, unedited and unharmonized.* The tunes, it should, perhaps, be stated, are presented precisely as they were noted down, without any alteration whatsoever. To what extent the words have been changed, the following notes will explain.

**English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil Sharp (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

NOTES.

No. 1. **Edward.** Sung by Mr. Trotter Gan at Sevierville, Sevier Co., Tenn.

A few minor verbal alterations have been made in the text, including the substitution of "thee" for "you" in the last lines of the first two stanzas—a typical example of the way in which folk-singers will often deliberately disregard rhyme.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 7, p. 26.

No. 2. **The Two Brothers.** Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan at St. Helen's, Lee Co., Ky.

Text practically unaltered.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 11, p. 33.

No. 3. **Young Hunting.** Tune sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan at St. Helen's, Lee Co., Ky.; words sung by Mrs. Carter of Beattyville, Lee Co., Ky.

Words unchanged.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 15, p. 47.

No. 4. **The False Knight upon the Road.** Sung by Mrs. T. G. Coates at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 1, p. 1.

No. 5. **The Cruel Brother.** Sung by Mrs. Hester House at Hot Springs, Madison Co., N. C.

Two stanzas have been omitted.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 5, p. 20.

No. 6. **The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin.** Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan at St. Helen's, Lee Co., Ky.

Stanzas 5, 7 and 8, and the first line of stanza 6, have been taken from other versions.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 33, p. 137.

No. 7. **Come all you fair and tender ladies.** Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley at Carmen, Madison Co., N. C.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 65 A, p. 220.

No. 8. **The False Young Man.** Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 94 A, p. 269.

No. 9. **The Dear Companion.** Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley at Carmen, Madison Co., N. C.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 58, p. 204.

No. 10. **The Riddle Song.** Sung by Mrs. Wilson at Pineville, Bell Co., Ky.

Words unaltered.

No. 11. **Now Once I did Court.** Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

Text collated with other versions.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachian Mountains*, No. 57 B, p. 201.

No. 12. **The Rejected Lover.** Sung by Mr. Wesley Batten at Mount Fair, Albemarle Co., Va.

Text collated with other versions.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 56 C, p. 199.

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**AMERICAN-ENGLISH
FOLK-SONGS**

EDWARD

How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of the old grey horse
That ploughed that field for me, me, me,
That ploughed that field for me.

It does look too pale for the old grey horse
That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee,
That ploughed that field for thee.

How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of the old greyhound
That traced that fox for me, me, me,
That traced that fox for me.

It does look too pale for the old greyhound
That traced that fox for thee, thee, thee,
That traced that fox for thee.

How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of my brother-in-law
That went away with me, me, me,
That went away with me.

And it's what did you fall out about?

O, dear love, tell me.

About a little bit of bush
That soon would have made a tree, tree, tree,
That soon would have made a tree.

And it's what will you do now, my love?

O, dear love, tell me.

I'll set my foot in yonders ship
And I'll sail across the sea, sea, sea,
And I'll sail across the sea.

And it's when will you come back, my love?

O, dear love, tell me.

When the sun sets into yonders sycamore tree,
And that will never be, be, be,
And that will never be.

28253

Edward

Voice *Moderato*

1. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

Piano *p*

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of the old grey horse That

mf *dim.*

ploughed that field for me, me, me, That ploughed that field for me. It does

p

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28258 c

look too pale for the old grey horse That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee, That

p *cresc.* *p*

ploughed that field for thee. 2. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

mf *p*

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of the

p *mf*

old grey-hound That traced that fox for me, me, me, That traced that fox for

dim.

me. It does look too pale for the old grey-hound That traced that fox for

thee, thee, thee, That traced that fox for thee. 3. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of my broth-er-in-law That

went a-way with me, me, me, That went a-way with me. 4. And it's

what did you fall out a - bout? O, dear love, tell

me. A - bout a lit - tle bit of bush, That soon would have made a

tree, tree, tree, That soon would have made a tree. 5. And it's what will you do

now, my love? O, dear love, tell me. I'll

set my foot in_ yon-ders ship And I'll sail a - cross the sea, sea, sea, And I'll

mf *dim.*

sail a - cross the sea. 6. And it's when will you come back, my love?

p *mf*

O, dear love, tell me. When the sun sets in-to yon-ders syc-a-more-tree, And

f

that will nev-er be, be, be, And that will nev-er be.

dim. *mf* *dim.* *rall.* *p*

THE TWO BROTHERS

O brother, can you play at ball,
Or can you toss the stone?
I am too little, I am too young,
O brother, let me alone.

His brother took his little penknife
Which was both keen and sharp;
He put a deep and deathly wound
And pierced him to the heart.

O brother, take my holland shirt,
And rip it from gore to gore;
You tie it around my bleeding wound,
And it will bleed no more.

His brother took his holland shirt,
And ripped it from gore to gore;
He tied it around his bleeding wound,
But still it bled the more.

O brother, take me on your back,
Carry me to Chesley town;
You dig me a deep and large, wide grave
And lay me there so sound.

You put my bible at my head,
My psalter at my feet,
My bow and arrow at my side,
And sounder I will sleep.

His brother took him on his back,
And carried him to Chesley town;
He dug him a deep and large, wide grave,
And laid him there so sound.

He put his bible at his head,
His psalter at his feet,
His bow and arrow at his side,
So sounder he will sleep.

O brother, as you go home at night,
And my mother asks for me;
You'll tell I'm along with some schoolboys,
So merry I'll come home.

And if my true love asks for me,
The truth to her you'll tell;
You'll tell I'm dead and in grave laid
And buried in Chesley town

With my bible at my head,
My psalter at my feet,
My bow and arrow at my side,
And sounder I will sleep.

And as his brother went home at night,
His mother asked for him.
He told he's along with some schoolboys,
So merry he'll come home.

And when his true love asked for him,
The truth to her he told;
He told he was dead and in grave laid
And buried in Chesley town

With his bible at his head,
His psalter at his feet,
His bow and arrow at his side,
So sounder he will sleep.

And then his true love put on small hoppers
And tied them with silver strings;
Went hopping all over her true lover's grave
A twelvemonth and a day.

She hopped the red fish out of the sea,
The small birds out of their nests;
She hopped her true love out of his grave,
So he can see no rest.

Go home, go home, you rambling reed,
Don't weep nor mourn for me;
For if you do for twelve long years,
No more you'll see of me.

The Two Brothers

Allegretto grazioso

1. O broth - er, can you play at ball, Or
(5) broth - er, take me on your back,

p *legato*

can you toss the stone?— I am too lit - tle, I am— too young, O
Car-ry me to Ches-ley town;— You dig me a deep and large, wide grave And

broth - er, let me a - lone.— 2. His broth - er took his lit - tle pen-knife Which
lay me there so sound.— 6. You put my bi - ble at my head, My

mf

was both keen and sharp;— He put a deep and death - ly wound And
psal - ter at my feet, — My bow and ar - row at my side, And

pierced him to the heart. — 3. O broth - er, take my hol - land shirt, And
sound - er I will sleep. — 7. His broth - er took him on his back, And

rip it from gore to gore; — You tie it a - round my bleed - ing wound, And
car - ried him to Ches - ley town; — He dug him a deep and large, wide grave, And

it will bleed no more. 4. His brother took his hol-land shirt, And
laid him there so sound. 8. He put his bi-ble at his head, His

ripped it from gore to gore, He tied it a-round his bleed-ing wound, But
psal-ter at his feet, His bow and ar-row at his side, So

still it bled the more. 5. O brother, as you go home at night, And my
sound-er he will sleep. (13) when his true love asked for him, The

legato

moth - er asks for me; — You'll tell I'm a - long with some school — boys, So
truth to her he told; — He told he was dead and in — grave laid And

mer - ry I'll — come home. — 10. And if my true love ask for me, The
bur-ied in Ches-ley town — 14. With his bi - ble at his head, His

truth to her — you'll tell; — You'll tell I'm dead and in — grave laid And
psal - ter at — his feet, — His bow and ar - row at — his side, So

bur-ied in Ches-ley town — 11. With my bi - ble at my head, My
sound - er he will sleep. — 15. And then his true love put on small hop-pers And

psal - ter at my feet, — My bow and ar - row at my side, And
tied them with sil - ver strings; — Went hop-ping all o-ver her true lov-er's grave A

sound - er I — will sleep. — 12. And as his broth-er went home at night, His
twelve-month and a day. — 16. She hopped the red fish out of the sea, The

moth-er asked for him.— He told he's a - long with some school - boys, So mer-ry he'll come
small birds out of their nests;— She hopped her true love out of his grave, So he can see no

home. — 13. And rest. — 17. Go home, go home, you ram-bling reed, Don't weep nor mourn for

p

me; — For if you do for twelve long years, No more you'll see of me. —

colla voce *rall.* *pp*

YOUNG HUNTING

Light you down, light you down, love Henry, she said,
 And stay all night with me;
 For I have a bed and a fireside too,
 And a candle a-burning bright.

I won't get down, nor I can't get down
 And stay all night with thee,
 For that little girl in the old Declarn
 Would think so hard of me.

But he slid down from his saddle skirts
 For to kiss her snowy white cheek.
 She had a sharp knife in her hand,
 And she plunged it in him deep.

I will get down and I can get down
 And stay all night with thee,
 For there's no little girl in the old Declarn
 That I love any better than thee.

Must I ride to the East, must I ride to the West,
 Or anywhere under the sun,
 To get some good and clever doctor
 For to cure this wounded man?

Neither ride to the East, neither ride to the West,
 Nor nowhere under the sun,
 For there's no man but God's own hand
 Can cure this wounded man.

She took him by the long, yellow locks
 And also round the feet;
 She plunged him in that doleful well,
 Some sixty fathoms deep.

And as she turned round to go home,
 She heard some pretty bird sing:
 Go home, go home, you cruel girl,
 Lament and mourn for him.

Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot, she said,
 Fly down and go home with me.
 Your cage shall be decked with beads of gold,
 And hung in the willow tree.

I won't fly down, nor I can't fly down,
 And I won't go home with thee,
 For you have murdered your own true love,
 And you might murder me.

I wish I had my little bow-ben,
 And had it with a string;
 I'd surely shoot that cruel bird
 That sits on the briers and sings.

I wish you had your little bow-ben
 And had it with a string;
 I'd surely fly from vine to vine;
 You could always hear me sing.

Young Hunting

Allegretto

1. Light you down, light you down, love
 (5) ride to the East, must I
 (9) down, fly down, pret-ty

Hen - ry, she said, And stay all night with me; For
 ride to the West, Or an - y - where un - der the sun, To
 par - rot, she said, Fly down and go home with me. Your

I have a bed and a fire-side too, — And a can - dle a - burn - ing
 get some good and clev - er doc - tor For to cure — this wound - ed
 cage shall be decked with beads of gold, — And hung — in the wil - low -

cresc. *p*

bright. 2. I won't get down, nor I can't get down And
 man? 6. Nei-ther ride to the East, nei-ther ride to the West, Nor
 tree. 10. I won't fly down, nor I can't fly down, And I

mf

stay all night with thee, For that lit-tle girl in the
 no-where un-der the sun, For there's no man but
 won't go home with thee, For you have mur-dered your

cresc.

old De-clarn Would think so hard of me. 3. But he
 God's own hand Can cure this wound-ed man. 7. She
 own true love, And you might mur-der me. 11. I

dim.

sli - ded down from his sad - dle skirts For to kiss her snow-y white
took him by the long, yellow locks And al - so round the
wish I had my lit - tle bow - ben, And had it with a

cheek. She had a sharp knife in her hand, And she
feet; She plunged him in that dole-ful well, Some
string; I'd sure - ly shoot that cru - el bird That

mf *dim.*

plunged it in him deep. 4. I will get down and I
six - ty fa - thoms deep. 8. And as she turned round
sits on the bri - ers and sings. 12. I wish you had your

legato

can get down And stay all night with thee, For there's
to go home, She heard some pret-ty bird sing: Go
lit-tle bow-ben, And had it with a string; I'd

no lit-tle girl in the old De-clarn That I
home, go home, you cru-el girl, La-ly
sure-ly fly from vine to vine; You could

cresc. *dim.*

love an-y bet-ter than thee. 5. Must I
ment and mourn for him. 9. Fly
al-ways hear me sing.

1. 2. D.S. 3.
p *dim. e rall.* *l. h.*

The False Knight upon the Road

Andantino

The knight met a child in the road.

1. O where are you go-ing to? Said the knight in the road. I'm a-going

to my school, Said the child as he stood. He stood and he stood, And it's well because he stood.

I'm a - go-ing to my school, Said the child as he stood. stood.

1-6. D. S. 7.

D. S.

f *mf* *p* *cresc.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

2. O what are you going there for?
 Said the knight in the road.
 For to learn the Word of God,
 Said the child as he stood.
 He stood and he stood,
 And it's well because he stood.
 For to learn the Word of God,
 Said the child as he stood.
3. O what have you got there?
 Said the knight in the road.
 I have got my bread and cheese,
 Said the child as he stood.
 He stood and he stood, etc.
4. O won't you give me some?
 Said the knight in the road.
 No, ne'er a bite nor crumb,
 Said the child as he stood.
 He stood and he stood, etc.
5. O I wish you were on the sands,
 Said the knight in the road.
 Yes, and a good staff in my hands,
 Said the child as he stood.
 He stood and he stood, etc.
6. O I wish you were in the sea,
 Said the knight in the road.
 Yes, and a good boat under me,
 Said the child as he stood.
 He stood and he stood, etc.
7. O I think I hear a bell,
 Said the knight in the road.
 Yes, and it's ringing you to hell,
 Said the child as he stood.
 He stood and he stood,
 And it's well because he stood.
 Yes, and it's ringing you to hell,
 Said the child as he stood.

THE CRUEL BROTHER

There's three fair maids went out to play at ball;
 I—o the lily gay
 There's three landlords come court them all.
 And the rose smells so sweet I know

The first landlord was dressed in blue;
 He asked his maid if she'd be his true.

The next landlord was dressed in green;
 He asked his maid if she'd be his queen.

The next landlord was dressed in white;
 He asked his maid if she'd be his wife.

It's you may ask my old father dear,
 And you may ask my mother too.

It's I have asked your old father dear,
 And I have asked your mother too.

Your sister Anne I've asked her not,
 Your brother John—and I had forgot.

Her old father dear was to lead her to the yard,
 Her mother too was to lead her to the step.

Her brother John was to help her up;
 As he help her up he stabbed her deep.

Go ride me out on that green hill,
 And lay me down and let me bleed.

Go haul me up on that green hill,
 And lay me down till I make my will.

It's what will you will to your old father dear?
 This house and land that I have here.

It's what will you will to your mother too?
 This bloody clothing that I do wear.

Go tell her to take them to yonders stream,
 For my heart's blood is in every seam.

It's what will you will to your sister Anne?
 My new gold ring and my silver fan.

It's what will you will to your brother John?
 A rope and a gallows for to hang him on.

28253

The Cruel Brother

Moderato

1. There's three fair maids went out to play at ball; I -
 (6) I have asked your old fa-ther-dear, I -
 (11) haul me up on that green hill, I -

o the lil - y gay There's three land-lords come court them all. And the
 o the lil - y gay And I have asked your moth-er too. And the
 o the lil - y gay And lay me down till I make my will. And the

rose smells so sweet I know 2. The first land-lord was dressed in blue; I -
 rose smells so sweet I know 7. Your sis - ter Anne I've asked her not, I -
 rose smells so sweet I know 12. It's what will you will to your old father dear? I -

o the lil - y gay He asked his maid if she'd be his true. And the rose smells so
 o the lil - y gay Your broth-er John—and I had for-got. And the rose smells so
 o the lil - y gay This house and land that I have here. And the rose smells so


sweet I know 3. The next land-lord was dressed in green; I - o the lil - y
 sweet I know 8. Her old father dear was to lead her to the yard, I - o the lil - y
 sweet I know 13. It's what will you will to your moth - er— too? I - o the lil - y

gay He asked his maid if she'd be his queen. And the rose smells so
 gay Her moth - er too was to lead her to the step. And the rose smells so
 gay This blood - y cloth - ing that I do wear. And the rose smells so


sweet I know 4. The next land-lord was dressed in white; I - o the lil - y gay He
 sweet I know 9. Her broth-er John was to help her up; I - o the lil - y gay As he
 sweet I know 14. Go tell her to take them to yon - ders stream, I - o the lil - y gay For


asked his maid if she'd be his wife. And the rose smells so sweet I know 5. It's
 help her up he stabbed her deep. And the rose smells so sweet I know 10. Go,
 my heart's blood is in ev - 'ry seam. And the rose smells so sweet I know 15. It's

you may ask my old fa-ther dear, I - o the lil - y gay And
 ride me out on that green hill, I - o the lil - y gay And
 what will you will to your sis - ter Anne? I - o the lil - y gay My


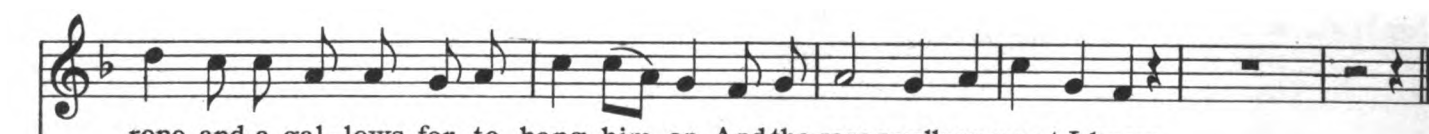
1. 2. *D.S.* 

you may ask my— moth-er— too. And the rose smells so sweet I know 6. It's
lay me down and— let me bleed. And the rose smells so sweet I know 11. Go
new gold ring and my sil - ver fan. And the rose smells so


D.S. 

3. 

sweet I know 16. It's what will you will to your brother John? I - o the lil - y gay A

rope and a gal-lows for to hang him on. And the rose smells so sweet I know



dim. *p*

THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

I married me a wife, I got her home,
 For gentle, for Jenny, my rosamaree
 But I oftentimes wish I'd let her alone.
 As the dew flies over the green valley

When I come in it's from my plough,
 O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now?

There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
 If you want any more, you can bake it yourself.

I gets me a knife and I went to the barn,
 And I cut me hickory as long as my arm.

Then I went out to my sheep-pen,
 And soon had off an old wether's skin.

I placed it on my old wife's back,
 And made my hickory go wickechy whack.

I'll tell my father and all my kin
 That you have hit me with a hickory limb.

If you do, I'll tell you lied,
 For I was a-dressing my old wether hide.

Then I come in it's from my plough.
 O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now?

She flew around, the board was spread,
 And every word it was 'Yes, sir!' and 'No, sir!'

28253

The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin

1. I mar - ried me a wife, I
(6) placed it on my

got her home, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree But I
old wife's back, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And

of - ten - times wish I'd let her a - lone. As the dew flies o - ver the
made my hick - ry go wick - e - chy whack, As the dew flies o - ver the

f *mf* *p* *cresc.* *p*

green val - ley 2. When I come in, it's from my plough, For
green val - ley 7. I'll tell my fa - ther and all my kin For

gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree O now, my kind wife, is my
gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree That you have hit me with a

din - ner read - y now? As the dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 3. There's a
hick - 'ry limb. As the dew flies o - ver the green val - ley

piece of bread up - on the shelf, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my
8. If you do, I'll tell you lied, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my

ro - sa-ma - ree If you want an - y more, you can bake it your-self. As the
 ro - sa-ma - ree For I was a - dress - ing my old weth - er hide. As the

dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 4. I gets me a knife and I
 dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 9. Then I come in, it's

went to the barn, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And I
 from my plough, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree O

cut me hick - 'ry as long as my arm. As the dew flies o - ver the
 now, my kind wife, is my din - ner read - y now? As the dew flies o - ver the

green val - ley 5. Then I went out to my sheep - pen, For
 green val - ley 10. She flew a - round, the board was spread, For

p

gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And soon had off an
 gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And ev - 'ry word it was

f

old weth - er's skin, As the dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 6. I
 'Yes, sir!' and 'No, sir!' As the dew flies o - ver the

mf

1. *D.S. %*

2. *ff*

green val - ley

COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES

Come all ye fair and tender ladies,
Be careful how you court young men;
They're like a star of a summer's morning,
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some pleasing story,
They'll declare to you they are your own;
Straightway they'll go and court some other,
And leave you here in tears to mourn.

I wish I were some little swallow,
And I had wings and I could fly;
Straight after my true love I would follow,
When they'd be talking I'd be by.

But I am no little swallow,
I have no wings, nor I can't fly,
And after my true love I can't follow,
And when they're talking, I'll sit and cry.

28253

Come all ye fair and tender ladies

Andante

1. Come all ye

p e legato *cresc.* *dim.*

fair and ten - der_ la - dies, Be care - ful how you court young

p

men; They're like a star of a sum - mer's morn - ing, They'll first ap -

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The first system shows the vocal line starting with '1. Come all ye' and the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes markings for 'p e legato', 'cresc.', and 'dim.'. The second system continues the vocal line with 'fair and ten - der_ la - dies, Be care - ful how you court young' and the piano accompaniment, marked with 'p'. The third system continues with 'men; They're like a star of a sum - mer's morn - ing, They'll first ap -' and the piano accompaniment, marked with 'mf'.

pear and then they're gone. 2. They'll tell to you some pleas-ing

sto - ry, They'll de - clare to you they are your own; Straight-way they'll

go and court some oth - er, And leave you here in_ tears to_

mourn. 3. I wish I were some lit - tle_ swal-low, And I had wings and I could

fly; Straight af - ter my true_ love I would fol - low, When they'd be

mf *p*

talk - ing_ I'd be_ by. 4. But_ I am no_ lit - tle_

cresc. *mf*

swal-low, I have no wings, nor_ I can't fly, And af - ter

f *dim.*

my true love I can't fol-low, And when they're talk - ing, I'll sit and cry.

p *colla voce* *morendo*

THE FALSE YOUNG MAN

Come in, come in, my old true love,
And chat awhile with me,
For it's been three quarters of one long year or more
Since I spoke one word to thee.

I can't come in, nor I shan't sit down,
For I haven't a moment of time.
Since you are engaged with another true love,
Your heart is no more mine.

When your heart was mine, my old true love,
And your head lay on my breast,
You could make me believe by the falling of your arm
That the sun rose up in the West.

There's many a girl can go all round about
And hear the small birds sing,
And many a girl that stays at home alone
And rocks the cradle and spins.

There's many a star that shall jingle in the West,
There's many a leaf below,
There's many a damn will light upon a man
For serving a poor girl so.

28253

The False Young Man

1. Come in, come in, my—

f *mf* *dim.* *p*

old true love, And chat a - while___ with me, For it's been three quar-ters of one

long year or more Since I spoke one___ word to___ thee. 2. I can't come in, nor I

colla voce *cresc.*

shan't sit down, For I haven't a mo - ment of time. Since you are en-gaged with an -

oth-er true love, Your heart is — no — more mine. 3. When your heart was mine, my

colla voce *cresc.*

old true love, And your head lay on — my breast, You could make me be-lieve by the

mf *p*

falling of your arm That the sun rose up in the West. 4. There's many a girl can go

colla voce *legato*

all round a-bout And hear the small birds sing, And man - y a girl that

cresc. *p*

stays at home a-lone And rocks the cra - dle and spins. 5. There's many a star that shall

colla voce *cresc.* *mf*

jin-gle in the West, There's man - y a leaf be - low, There's man - y a damn will

cresc. *f*

light up-on a man For serv-ing a poor girl so.

rall. e dim.

THE DEAR COMPANION

I once did have a dear companion,
Indeed I thought his love my own
Until a black-eyed girl betrayed me,
And then he cares no more for me.

Just go and leave me if you wish to,
It will never trouble me,
For in your heart you love another
And in my grave I'd rather be.

Last night you were sweetly sleeping,
Dreaming in some sweet repose,
While I, a poor girl broken, broken-hearted,
Listen to the wind that blows.

When I see your babe a-laughing,
It makes me think of your sweet face;
But when I see your babe a-crying,
It makes me think of my disgrace.

22253

The Dear Companion

Andante con moto

1. I once did have a dear com -

pan-ion, In-deed I thought his love my own Un-til a black-eyed girl be -

trayed me, And then he cares no more for me. 2. Just go and leave me if you

wish to, It will nev - er trou-ble me, For in your heart you love an -

cresc. *cresc.* *dim.*

oth - er And in my grave I'd ra - ther be. 3. Last night you were sweet-ly

p *p*

sleep-ing, Dream-ing in some sweet re- pose, While I, a poor girl bro-ken, bro-ken -

cresc. *mf*

heart-ed, Lis-ten to the wind that blows. 4. When I see your babe a -

laugh-ing, It makes me think of your sweet face; But when I see your babe a -

cry-ing, It makes me think of my dis - grace.

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that has no stones,
I gave my love a chicken that has no bones,
I gave my love a ring that has no end,
I gave my love a baby that's no cry-en.

How can there be a cherry that has no stones?
How can there be a chicken that has no bones?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby that's no cry-en?

A cherry when it's blooming it has no stones,
A chicken when it's pipping it has no bones,
A ring when it's rolling it has no end,
A baby when it's sleeping there's no cry-en.

28253

The Riddle Song

Moderato

1. I gave my love a cher-ry that

has no stones, I gave my love a chick-en that has no—bones, I

cresc.

mf gave my love a ring— that has no end, I gave my love a ba-by that's

dim. *rall.*

The musical score is for 'The Riddle Song' in 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score is divided into three systems. The first system begins with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *rall.* (rallentando).

no cry - en. 2. How can there be a cher-ry that has no stones? How

p *a tempo* *p*

can there be a chick-en that has no bones? How can there be a ring that

cresc. *mf* *f*

has no end? How can there be a ba-by that's no cry - en? 3. A

dim. *p* *rall.* *a tempo*

cher - ry when it's bloom - ing it has no stones, A

mf

chick-en when it's pip-ping it has no—bones, A ring when it's roll-ing it

cresc. *mf*

has no end, A ba - by when its sleep-ing there's no cry - en.

dim. *rall.* *dim.* *p*

NOW ONCE I DID COURT

Now once I did court a most charming beauty bright;
 I courted her by day and I courted her by night;
 I courted her for love and her love I did obtain.
 I hadn't any reason of love to complain.

But when her old father came this for to know,
 That I and his daughter together would go,
 He lock-ed her up and he kept her so severe
 That I never more got sight of my Molly, my dear.

Then I enlisted, to the wars I did go,
 To see whether I could forget my love or no.
 But when I got there with my armour shining bright,
 On her I plac-ed my whole heart's delight.

Seven long years I served under the king;
 At the end of seven years I returned home again.
 And when her mother saw me she wrung her hands and
 cried:
 My daughter dearly loved you and for your sake she
 died.

My grief, my grief, it is more than I can bear;
 My true love's in her grave and I wish I were there.
 Come all you young people and pity poor me,
 Pity my misfortune and sad misery.

28253

Now Once I Did Court

Allegretto

1. Now once I did court a most charm-ing beauty

bright; I court-ed her by day and I court-ed her by night; I court-ed her for

love_and her love I did ob - tain. I had-n't an - y rea - son of love to com -

plain. 2. But when her old fa - ther came this_ for to know, That

I and his daughter to - geth - er would go, He lock - ed her up_ and he

kept her so se - vere That I nev - er more got sight of my Mol - ly, my dear.

3. Then I en - list - ed, to the wars I did go, To

see whether I could for - get my love or no. But when I got there with my

cresc. *mf*

ar-mour shin-ing bright, On her I plac - ed my whole heart's de-light.

4. Sev-en long years I served un-der the king; At the end of sev-en years I re -

mf *p*

turned home a - gain. And when her moth-er saw me she wrung her hands and cried: My

cresc.

daughter dearly loved you and for your sake she died. 5. My grief, my—

grief, it is more than I can bear; My true love's in her grave and I wish I were

there. Come all you young people and pity poor me,

Pit-y my mis - for - tune and sad mis - er - y.

THE REJECTED LOVER

O once I knew a pretty girl, and I loved her as my life;
And I'd freely give my heart and hand to make her my wife,
O to make her my wife.

She took me by the hand and she led me to the door,
And she put her arms around me, saying: You can't come any
more,
O you can't come any more.

And I'd not been gone but six months before she did complain,
And she wrote me a letter, saying: O do come again,
O do come again.

And I wrote her an answer, just for to let her know
That no young man would venture where he once could not go,
O he once could not go.

Come all you true lovers, take warning by me,
And never place your affections on a green growing tree,
O a green growing tree.

For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will decay,
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away,
O will soon fade away.

28253

The Rejected Lover

Allegretto

1. O

once I knew a pret-ty girl, and I loved her as my life; And I'd

free-ly give my heart and hand to make her my wife, O ——— to make her my

wife. 2. She took me by the hand_ and she_ led me to the

door, And she put her arms a-round me, saying: You can't come an-y more, O —

— you can't come an - y more. 3. And I'd not been gone but

six_ months be - fore she did com - plain, And she

wrote me a let-ter, say-ing: O do come a-gain, O _____ do come a -

gain. 4. And I wrote _____ her an an-swer, just for to let her

know That no young man would venture where he once could not go, O _____

_____ he once could not go. 5. Come all you true lov-ers, take warn-ing by

me, And_ nev-er place your affections on a green grow-ing tree, O —

— a green grow-ing tree. 6. For the leaves_ they will with-er, and the

roots they will de - cay, And the beau-ty of a fair_ maid will

soon fade a - way, O — will soon fade a - way.

dim. e rall. *mf*

Pres. Dr.
D. Schürmann

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